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Vol. CCXIV.

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# The Sketch

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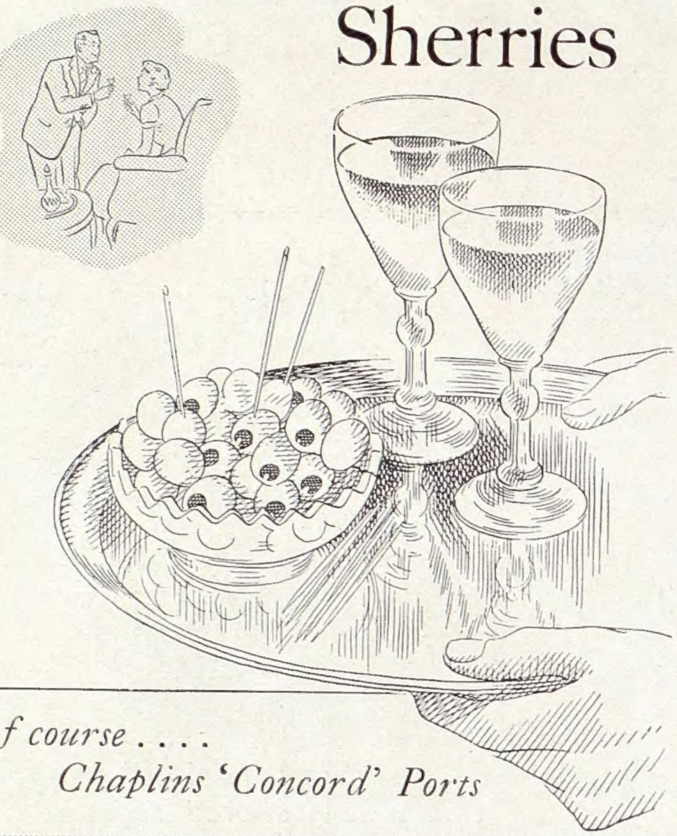
# Chaplins
## Sherries



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The little things big men do *not* ignore . . . Cigarettes for the Conference. "Three Castles" are top grade . . . that'll be unanimously agreed, even if nothing else is !

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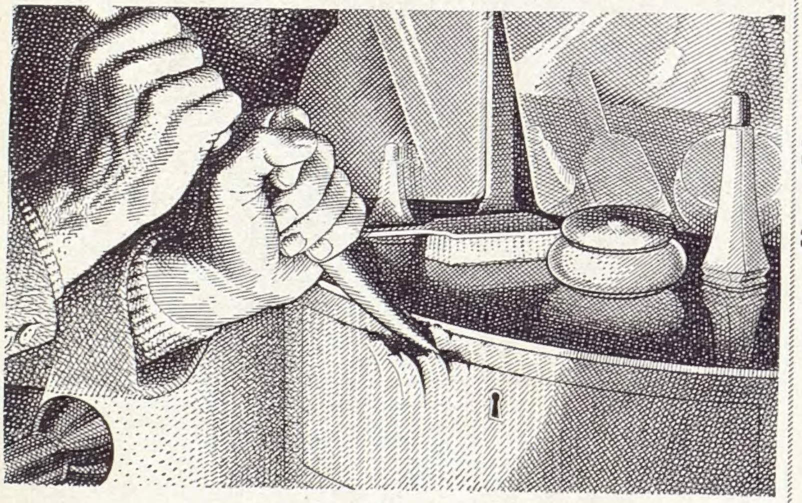

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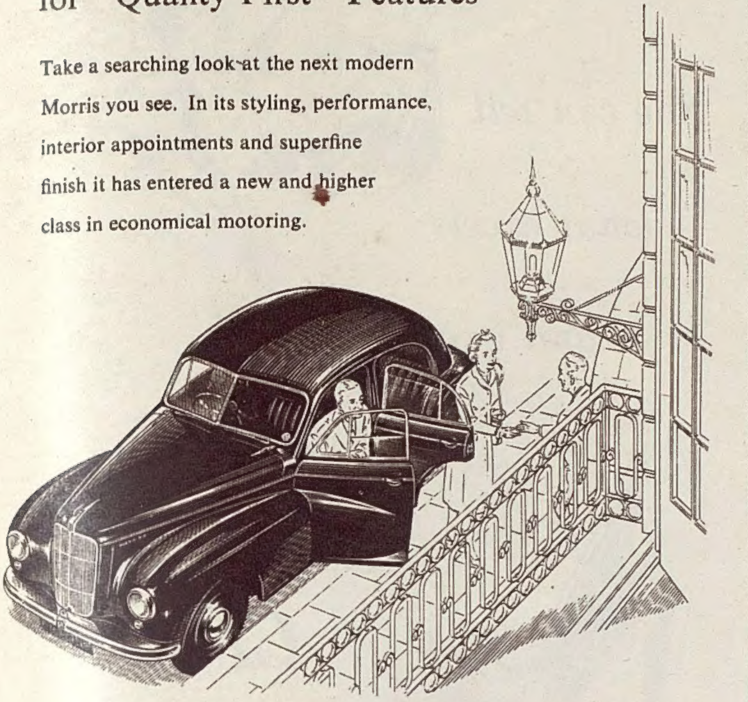

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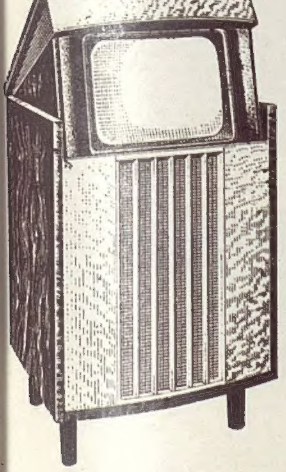

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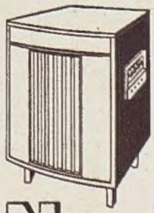
*The screen is raised automatically to the correct viewing angle, and concealed afterwards by finger-tip pressure. Model TSC113 15-in. tube television plus preset radio.*

**145** GNS. *tax paid*



*See the difference on*

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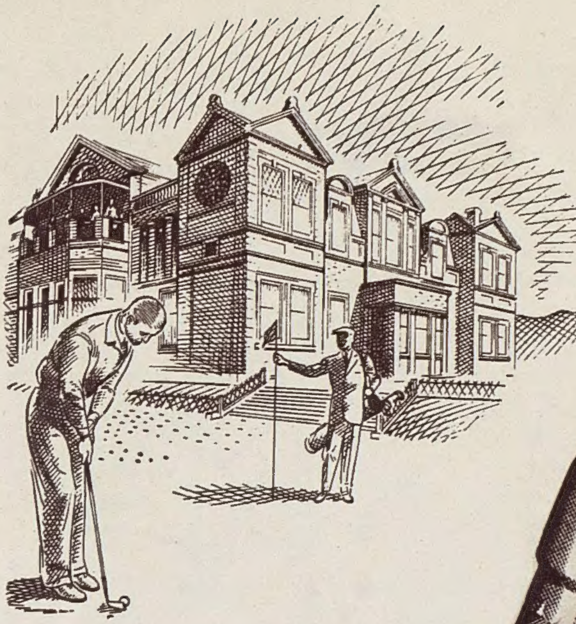

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*'Quality Tells!'*

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*Single-breasted fastening on the suit jacket; placed slightly to the left, to balance the single pocket on the right hip.*

*Small cuffs finish the suit jacket; deep cuffs on the top coat may be formed by turning back the loose sleeves.*

*Style confident - in*

# TRAVELLA

Tailleur for Spring, comprising a slender suit in soft Scottish tweed in shades of beige, and a matching loose jacket with an over-check introducing shades of brown and turquoise.

The suit is named "Eve," the top coat "Adam." Please write to us for the name of your nearest supplier.

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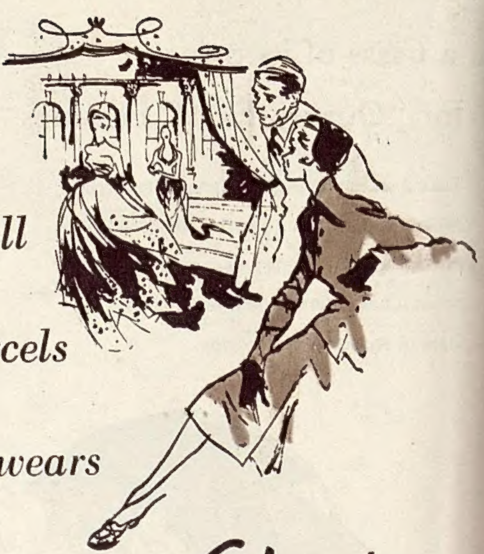


*She can tell*

*what excels*

*and wears*

## Clarks COUNTRY CLUB

*shoes*

*"Rosalyn" feather welt court shoe in suede with the new mid-high heel.*

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

# CHANEL

The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1951

HELGA MORAY . . .

. . . wrote *Untamed*, a daring novel now in America's best-seller class, and due for London publication on February 23. She is in London now ; has appeared in Radio's "We Beg to Differ," and has been chosen a member of the new team for the next series of this programme. She will also be on the air in "In Town To-night" on February 24. Her book is to be filmed.

FEBRUARY 14, 1851.— This 100-year-old Valentine is still Cupid's currency.— FEBRUARY 14, 1951.

# Sketch-Book

## Beverley Baxter

*" It's a lovely day to-day;*
*And whatever you've got to do,*
*You've got a lovely day to do it in,*
*That's true."*

YOU will agree that the above lines do not qualify as great poetry or even profound philosophy, but everyone in New York is humming the refrain. It comes from the raging Broadway hit, *Call Me Madam*, in which Ethel (*Annie Get Your Gun*) Merman is enjoying another Irving Berlin success.

The lilt of the music is quite enchanting. I cannot get it out of my head, and, what is more, I have no desire to do so.

But to-day the song is particularly applicable to my mood, for here, in London of all places, it is a lovely day. A week has passed since I set foot upon Job's Island, this demi-paradise called England, this Socialised jewel set in a silver sea. And out of that week three days have been quite lovely.

Will the American correspondents send this news to their papers? Will the B.B.C. in its news-broadcast to the U.S.A. and Canada tell them that the sun is shining and that London is soberly radiant in its winter sunshine? They will not. Happiness has no history, and good news is no news. Instead, our Jeremiahs in cultured tones, or the correspondents in appropriate journalese, will drone: " 2,000 workers on the Festival of Britain centre have gone on strike. . . . In Scotland heavy snowfalls have disrupted road and rail traffic. . . . In Wales a burst dam has flooded two villages. . . . Farmers are expecting an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease this year. . . . It is reported, but not confirmed, that smallpox has broken out in Tidley-on-Push. . . . Road deaths for January were higher than the same month last year. . . Mr. Webb, the Minister of Food, told Parliament that since there was practically no meat any change would probably be for the better. . . British film studios are facing a crisis. . .

ecause of influenza, Mr. Attlee is now acting s Foreign Secretary and Minister of Defence n addition to being Prime Minister. . . . A overnment spokesman said that a general lection was not likely this year. . . . Further ower cuts are being considered."

Unless you have been on the receiving end of his dreary outpouring of daily misery you have o idea of its effect. Poor old Britain! I felt ke a cad at not being here to share the hard-hips with you.

May I therefore make a suggestion to the .B.C.? Every time that the words would be easonably accurate let them first announce "This s London," and then burst into the chorus:

> *"It's a lovely day to-day;*
> *And whatever you've got to do,*
> *You've got a lovely day to do it in,*
> *That's true."*

In fact, it would not be a bad idea, when the ext election comes round, if a Tory male quartet onsisting of, say, Sir Waldron Smithers, Brendan racken, Harold Macmillan and Oliver Lyttelton icrophoned the refrain at frequent intervals o the electorate, and with special emphasis on he third line.

THE human emotions are like the strings of a violin. If the bow is drawn too heavily it may offend the ear, but if it is drawn gently there is sweet music. As an illustration of what I mean, come back with me just a moment to Jamaica.

One morning John McNair, Premier of New Brunswick, who was one of our house guests at the Beaver's, suggested that we walk the mile or so to the bathing centre of Montego Bay. Half-way we paused to gaze upon the multi-coloured sea. Never were there so many shades of green, and we speculated upon the cause.

Then behind us came a thin, childish voice: "If you wish to know why there are different colours I will tell you." We turned round to find a dainty little dark girl of about twelve, and a tough little dark boy of about ten. Without any shyness the girl gave what seemed to us a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the sea's appearance. When she had finished, and we had congratulated her, she asked if they could walk with us, and we said we would be honoured.

"What is your name?" we asked.

"Dorothy Gordon."

"Is that your brother?"

"Yes."

"What is his name?"

"Lollapuka." (At least it sounded like that.)

When she saw our eyebrows rising, she explained: "We have the same mother but not the same father." In those few words there is the story of Jamaica.

As we walked on, the Premier asked if she went to school. She said that it was even so, and announced with pride that she possessed a book called *English Literature*. In turn I asked if she had ever heard of an English writer called Shakespeare.

"Yes," she said in her peculiarly fascinating yet meticulous high-pitched childish voice, "he wrote *Macbeth* and *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*."

"Do you remember the story of Hamlet?" asked the Premier.

Her brows puckered as she admitted that she could not remember it all. "But I know," she said, "that Hamlet's father was poisoned in the garden by his brother. It was a terrible thing to do. But one night Hamlet saw his father's ghost, who did tell Hamlet how he was poisoned in the garden. Hamlet could not contain himself. So angry he was that his mind became strange. I do not remember the rest, but I think Hamlet did kill his uncle."

A couple of dark boys came up to beg pennies from us. She looked disapprovingly at them as we parted with a coin or two. "It is wrong to beg," she said. "My mother is very poor but she says I must carry my head high."

In another child it might have seemed priggish, but this little creature was something apart. Perhaps tragically she had been born with character and a natural fastidiousness. When we reached the end of the walk she asked if sometime she could write to me in England, and I told her to do so, addressing the envelope "Baxter, British Parliament, London."

"What is your name?" she asked again.

"Baxter."

"Please would you say it again."

"Baxter."

She shook her head. "No. I cannot remember that name." Then she walked away, followed by "Lollapuka," who obviously took a dim view of the whole proceedings. The Premier blew his nose and suggested that we should get into the sea for our swim.

Pippa had passed our way.

NO man can foresee his end, and nothing could have been more outside the character of Charlie Cochran than the cruel and incongruous nature of his death. He had met triumph and disaster in an endless cycle and never lost his calm acceptance of fate's decree. I am certain that at the end he was as imperturbable and calmly philosophical.

He loved the theatre and the people of the theatre. In musical productions he never succumbed to the mechanisation of his chorus girls. Fifty shapely legs moving with military precision did not interest him. Instead he created "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies," each one of whom was a personality. It was part of his innate chivalry as well as his genius for showmanship.

Money never interested him except for lavishing it on costumes, scenery and stars. Nor was he swayed by the hysteria of the box office. In the very week that *Oklahoma!* opened at Drury Lane, and everyone knew that it was a sentence of death on the English musical, he opened with *Bless the Bride*, which was as English as the rose or Yorkshire pudding.

It was an immense success but costly to run. Because it was English the Exchequer took its heavy toll in entertainment tax, for he had not joined the non-profit racket which permitted *Street Car* and *Death of a Salesman* to escape tax with the complete approval of the law.

Working all his life with the beautiful and the young, he maintained his married life on the basis of fidelity and unbroken companionship. Wherever you saw Charlie at the theatre, there was his wife—rejoicing in his successes, consoling him in his failures. Money troubles constantly beset him, but not even a psychiatrist could have told from his manner whether he was deep in the red or heavy with profit.

He had almost unerring taste, but his nature did not appreciate satire. To that extent he had fallen behind in the harsh development of modern times. Perhaps that was the reason that even in his most lavish productions there was often a dullness like that of a clouded mirror.

But he gave us those Cochran-Ellis-Herbert shows in the late autumn of his life. Now that he has gone, the English musical is poor indeed.

Inevitably he was nicknamed "Cocky"—but never was a nickname less applicable. In all weathers, in failure and success, in hope and discouragement, he remained calm, gentle and courteous. A great gentleman has passed from the London Theatre.

Beverley Baxter

"..THE RECEIVING END OF THIS DREARY OUTPOURING.."

"..POOR OLD BRITAIN!"

"IF THE BOW IS DRAWN TOO HEAVILY IT MAY OFFEND THE EAR."

Illustrated by Martin Aitchison.

DEMURE : Miss Elizabeth Price and Miss Frances Stephens.

DETERMINED : Miss E. Howell and Miss Jaqueline Gordon.

DROLL : P. F. Gardiner-Hill, the Oxford captain.

Out-of-

# GIRLS *versus* OXFORD

AWAY back in the autumn the golfers of Oxford University had a poor, though doubtless enjoyable, day against Sunningdale. In fact, they only won one match in eighteen.

Whereupon Brig.-General A. C. Critchley, flushed with triumph, observed to them in the clubhouse, " As for you, I could find a team of women to beat you level ! " He prudently added, " On the Ladies' Course."

No self-respecting undergraduates could laugh this one off, and Oxford rose to a man.

The match took place on January 28, and terrible was the slaughter. The Oxford boys began well enough by winning four of the six foursomes, and those who had blithely laid " three-to-one on the girls " reached apprehensively for their pocket books, but the afternoon singles were disastrous, and ten out of twelve miserable males bit the dust.

One luckless student walked morosely to the ninth tee eight down. Miss Jean Donald won eight in a row against the Oxford secretary. Miss Frances Stephens had four threes in the first five against the captain, Peter Gardiner-Hill, and holed the course in 63.

And what a fine little course it is ! If you want some fun, with all the old pre-war atmosphere, try the open mixed foursomes there on the first Sunday of each month. Only 3,819 yards long, it offers to men every worthwhile shot in golf—if they can keep straight. It has been described as " like playing in blinkers," or, alternatively, " up the wrong end of a telescope."

Men can often reach the green when women cannot, but it is like playing a full shot on to a postage stamp, and if you miss the stamp you are in somebody's garden, confronted by a threatening notice as to the penalties for trespassing in search of golf balls.

With the women plying their way quietly down the middle and chipping dead to the hole, this can be highly frustrating for the male—and for none more frustrating than Lieut.-Colonel E. Nugent Head. In a match on the previous day against a team of renowned Walker Cup players and such like,

DOWNRIGHT : Miss Pamela Davies and the Hon. Mrs. Adrian Gee.

DELIGHTED : Mrs. E. Garrett and Mrs. Ian Cowper.

## Doors

### By HENRY LONGHURST

held with the avowed purpose of "sharpening the girls up" for Oxford, the massive Colonel was the only loser.

His alleged declaration that "No doll can beat me level," together with a number of wagers whose magnitude lost nothing in the telling, added piquancy to his match against Miss Stephens. She knocked him nonchalantly off by three and two. This, together with the unmerciful leg-pulling that followed, he took in the best possible part.

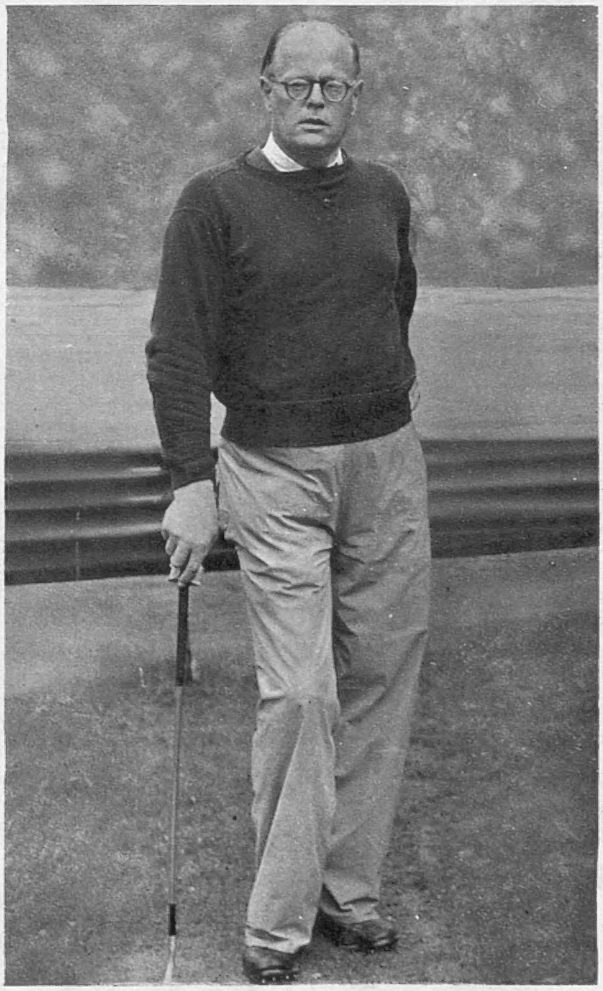
Others nearly shared his fate and retired from the last green, mopping their brows, having got out with a half—Gerald Micklem twice in one day—while one performer was so alarmed at the publicity as to decline to play at all. Nor was the girls' defeat by 15 to 3 so bad as it sounds, for at least five more men, who, on being asked how they got on, replied airily "Oh, I won," failed to add that it was only by the skin of their teeth on the last green.

One, however, did cover himself with glory. That was A. A. Duncan, runner-up in the President's Putter and many times Army champion. His putt for a 29 on the outward half hung trembling on the lip, but his 4-yarder for the same figure coming home went straight into the back. The course may be short, but 59 in mid-winter would take anyone's money.

The Sunningdale Dormy House is occupied largely by B.O.A.C., and the scene was enlivened by the sight of the Corporation's chairman, Sir Miles Thomas, carrying the clubs of the Hon. Mrs. Adrian Gee, whose recently elevated father, Lord Hives, is the inspiration behind the Rolls-Royce aero engines favoured by her caddie.

My columnist and commentator colleague, Peter Wilson, has uncharitably put on record his "pity for the women golfers with their billiard-table legs, leathery faces and clumsy great paws." Let me reply that the girls at Sunningdale were highly decorative in the spring-like sunshine, and I would back them against the first dozen at any other outdoor sport.

The camera cannot lie!



DEFLATED : Colonel E. Nugent Head.

# RENO'S OTHER INDUSTRY

If you want to lose any surplus dollars by gambling, or if you have lost in that even bigger gamble, marriage, Reno will welcome you with open arms and see that you are catered for. Even in Reno a divorce takes six weeks, so while waiting you might as well kick your heels in some gambling joint like Harold's Club, where these pictures were taken. Here you indulge your wayward fancy to the full, at the gaming tables, peep-shows, fruit machines and endless other devices for extracting your silver dollars. You might win, but if you lose all, a divorce will probably follow! Couldn't be handier. And the Gambling Tax ensures that Reno cashes in, whether you shed your partner or your money. So much so, that other taxes are practically non-existent in the State of Nevada. It's an ill wind . . .

# Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

JAN. 24.

(Left.) Mrs. Christopher Soames (Mr. Churchill's youngest daughter) seems to have scored off Lord Buckhurst and Lady Rupert Neville (right) at the Winter Ball, held in aid of the Political Section of the Ladies' Carlton Club, at the Dorchester.

JAN. 24.

(Right.) Married at St. Michael's, Chester Square: Captain Jeremy White, Royal Scots Greys, son of Brigadier and Mrs. Christopher White, and Miss Denise de Lisle, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John de Lisle.

WINTER BALL.

WINTER WEDDING.

JAN. 25.

(Left.) (L. to r.) The Hon. Gerald Lascelles in earnest conversation with Mr. H. Radford and Mr. S. Clark, at the dinner at the May Fair Hotel held by the Knights of the Round Table Club.

JAN. 26.

(Right.) From father to son. Captain Anthony Kimmins, O.B.E., D.S.C.,R.N. (Retd.), pioneer Fleet Air Arm pilot and wartime Naval commentator, pins "the wings" on the sleeve of his Midshipman son Simon, one of the first batch of National Service volunteers to qualify as Officer Pilot, at the Syerston R.A.F. station.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

KNIGHTS OF THE AIR.

JAN. 26.

(Left.) Sitting out at the Challoner Club Ball: (l. to r.) Senorita Teresita Ronero, Lady Marye Rous, and Mr. Francis Hadwen.

JAN. 26.

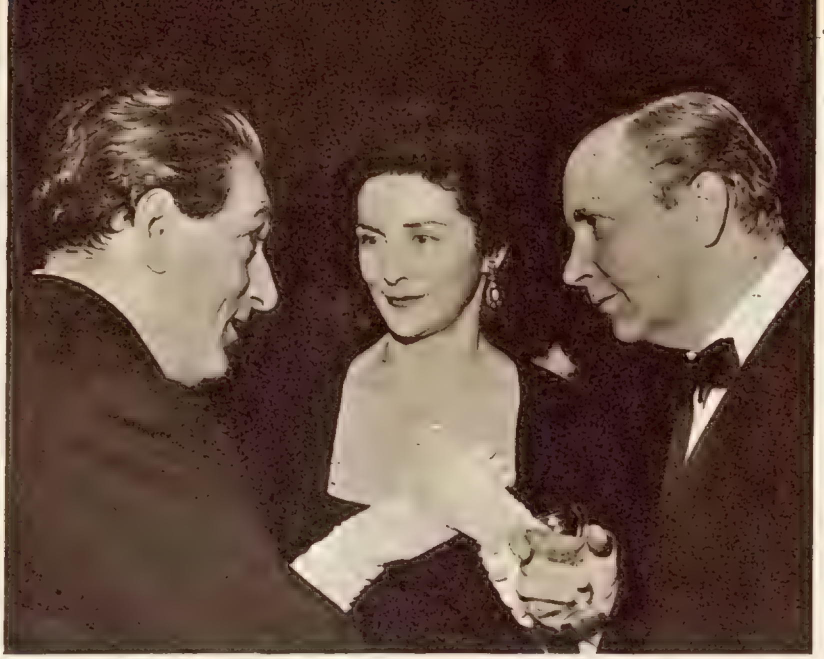
(Right.) Relaxing at the South Oxfordshire Hunt Ball: (l. to r.) Major Alastair Miller, Mrs. Rickett, Miss Sonia Gunston, the Master: Col. Alan Dower, M.F.H., Sir Gifford Fox, Bart., Mrs. Alan Dower, and Lord Fairfax.

CLUB BALL.

HUNT BALL.

# Date
(Our Soci

NORTHBROOK — MANNING WEDDING.



OPERA ENTHUSIASTS.

JAN. 27.

(Left.) Married in the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace: Lord Northbrook and Miss Rowena Manning.

JAN. 29.

(Right.) At the London Opera Club dinner: (l. to r.) Mr. Leonard Crainford, Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Gerald Barry, and Mr. Gerald Barry.

HURDLER BY PLANE.

DANCING BRASS-HATS.

JAN. 30.

(Left.) Athletic Lord Burghley, now a director of the B.O.A.C., accompanied by Lady Burghley, setting off on an extensive tour of the Corporation's bases on the South American route.

JAN. 31.

(Right.) V.I.P.s at the No. 42 Group R.A.F. Ball, Kidlington R.A.F. Station: (l. to r.) Air Commodore J. Marson (A.O.C.), Flt.-Lieut. B. W. Hiddan, the Duchess of Marlborough and Air Vice-Marshal McNeece Foster.

IMPRESARIO AND CLOWN.

FEB. 1.

The Windmill ("We never closed") Theatre celebrated its 19th anniversary by a reception and dance at the Trocadero. Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Van Damm, who gave the party, are seen arriving for the special anniversary show at the theatre and enjoying a private joke with comedian Arth English (left).

# Book
(Diary - Cont.)

FEB. 2.

Mr. Walter Gifford, new American Ambassador, and Mrs. Gifford at the English-Speaking Union banquet in their honour at the Dorchester, chatting with Resident Minister for Australia Mr. E. J. Harrison (left) and Mr. H. L. Rahimtoola (right), Pakistan's High Commissioner.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR ENTERTAINED.

FEB. 2.

(Left.) Viscount Knollys (centre), Britain's representative on the international Raw Materials Board, about to embark on an airliner for Washington. With him at London Airport: Lady [illegible]illie, Viscount [illegible]esson.

FEB. 2.

(Right.) After their marriage at Holy Trinity, Brompton: Mr. Christopher Lawson-Tancred, younger son of the late Major [illegible] Thomas Selby Lawson-Tancred and of Lady Lawson-Tancred of Boroughbridge, and Miss Cerise [illegible] Campbell Beaver, [illegible] daughter of Sir Hugh Beaver, of Crowborough, and of the late Mrs. Beaver.

OFF TO WASHINGTON.

LAWSON - TANCRED — BEAVER WEDDING.

FEB. 2.

(Left.) About to burst into song? Miss Serena Sheffield and Lord Galway at the Vine Hunt Ball at Laverstoke House, Whitchurch, Hampshire

FEB. 3.

(Right.) Newly-married Mr. and Mrs. Michael Butler make an attractive couple as they leave St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Mr. Butler, who is in the Foreign Office, is the son of Mr. T. D. Butler, of Blandford, Dorset. His bride, politically-minded, is the daughter of Conservative M.P. for North Edinburgh, Mr. James Clyde, K.C., and Mrs. Clyde.

AT A HUNT BALL.

BUTLER — CLYDE WEDDING.

# Date-Book (Abroad)

JAMAICA BOUND.

### JAN. 22.

**Bermuda.** Just received this picture of Bea Lillie and Ivor Novello, taken at a Mardi Gras ball. They were breaking their journey in Bermuda while on the way to Jamaica, for a well-earned holiday. They are chatting with Mr. Bernard Wells.

MORNING IN JAMAICA.

EVENING IN JAMAICA.

### JAN. 24.

**Jamaica.** Next we received two pictures from Montego Bay. (Left.) Posing after their morning dip, were the Hon. John Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C. (son of the G.O.M. of newspapers, Lord Beaverbrook), and his bride, the former Miss Violet de Trafford. They were married the day before. (Right.) Among other celebrities at a dinner given for Ivor Novello, on his arrival in the island were Gladys Cooper and Robert Andrews.

ROYAL RACE STARTER.

### JAN. 29.

**Malta.** Finally, from George Cross Island came this happy picture of Princess Elizabeth, walking towards the starting-line of the Destroyers' Cross Country Race, with the Duke of Edinburgh, Admiral Sir John Edelsten, C.-in-C. Mediterranean (far left), Capt. Donald Fuller, R.N., and (right) Vice-Admiral William-Powlett. Her Royal Highness started the race and later presented the prize.

*Photographed by Karsh of Ottawa.*

# BRITISH SUCCESS IN WASHINGTON

TALL, upright, aligned with the sculptured columns, stands Sir Oliver Franks, Britain's Ambassador in Washington. In 1948 the Oxford intellectual and civil servant stepped neatly into the diplomatic niche, and the Americans like him. Does he carry a Foreign Minister's portfolio in his diplomatic knapsack?

## Candid Cameo

# OLIVER MESSEL

*By Cyril Butcher*

"OLIVER MESSEL'S work is always so exciting," I heard a woman, sitting in front of me, whisper to her companion as the curtain rose on a performance of *The Queen of Spades* at Covent Garden. One felt tempted to tap her on the shoulder and say, "Dear lady, you don't know the half of it."

For a picture of Messel actually at work had come into my mind. It was a picture, not merely of excitement, but of utter panic. It was a vision of lights burning through the night as he bends over his drawing-board in his South Kensington studio; of endless cups of coffee to keep him awake; of sheet upon sheet of designs littering the floor, tables, chairs—even his bed. Messel has a deadline to beat; the designs have to be at the costumiers in a few hours, or else . . .

It was a picture that is repeated with every new commission he undertakes (I have nicknamed it "Operation Black Coffee"). The reason? Merely that he has a complete disregard for that element known as Time. This is not a pose, nor is it a wilful eccentricity. He just cannot bring himself to appreciate the passing of the hours, the days or the weeks. As for the years, he feels little need to worry about them, either. Have they not brought him success and distinction? Have they not left him practically unmarked? He looks ridiculously young; young enough for any new acquaintance to assume that he is in his twenties—which he is not.

Also, a disregard for time is indispensable to his pet hobby, which, he once confessed to me, is to fritter away the day. What could be more pleasant?

Days which theatrical managers and film producers fondly imagine are being spent in carrying out the work they have commissioned are, in actual fact, begun by Messel rising outrageously late. Thereafter, he just potters around the house, half-completing odd jobs. There is plenty to do, for it contains an astonishing miscellany of objects—some extremely valuable, others whose worth is purely personal. There are one or two superb Regency tables. On them, you are equally liable to see an exquisite piece of Meissen or an old wig—the relic of some former stage production. No one would ever accuse Oliver Messel of having a Grand Plan in the decoration or furnishing of his house. In fact, it resembles nothing so much as a rather expensive Caledonian Market. So you are always liable to find him mending an old chair or, as I did once, transforming by means of plaster and paint a hideous Victorian mirror into a thing of beauty in the Rococo manner.

In the evening—odd jobs permitting—he may go to a party. There, the overwhelming charm of manner with which he treats everyone is given full throttle. He is an easy talker, his black eyes twinkle; he chuckles appreciatively at the slightest *bon mot*. It is not till later that you realise he has actually *said* very little. Nor can you be quite sure whether the twinkle and the chuckle were genuine, or merely concealing the fact that he thought you an unmitigated bore and wasn't listening to a word you said. He will never enlighten you, for that would mean making a definite statement—a thing he abhors. On the other hand, he is very liable to incite *you* to make some quite outrageous remark, and then look utterly astonished when you have done so.

If that is a portrait of a dilettante, then it is only one side of the picture of Oliver Messel. Messel at work is quite another thing.

When, after several letters of polite enquiry (promptly lost amid the general disarray and therefore seldom answered), increasingly anxious managers take to telephoning the news that, if the designs are not delivered by, say, next Wednesday, then costumes and scenery cannot be completed in time, things begin to hum at Pelham Place. Messel will find that he has three days to do about a hundred designs. This may be an exaggeration, but that is the impression he manages to convey to the helpers he now enlists. There is no question, now, of getting up late. More likely, he will not go to bed at all until the job is done. "Operation Black Coffee" has begun.

From that moment he seems to summon the strength of a dozen men. His mind is made up. He knows exactly what he wants to do. The days of "frittering" have not been wasted; his mind has been subconsciously at work all the time. Now he is tireless and relentless. His assistants groan under the strain; they wilt, curse, rebel and vow never to do it again. But they go on working and, curiously enough, come back for more next time.

Messel is harder at it than anyone else. He seems just as charming, just as gay as ever, *but*—well, those around him feel that it would not be a good idea to slack or skimp a job on that account.

They would find how right they were if they tried it. Messel is a perfectionist in his work. He supervises everything, from the smallest detail of a costume to the largest backcloth for a stage set. He will tolerate no departure from his design in the execution of it. Such deviations will receive an acid reproof from him—but delivered in such dulcet tones, with such a twinkle and such a chuckle, that he is usually well out of reach before the offender realises the thoroughness of the trouncing.

So "Operation Black Coffee" proceeds on its feverish way. All very fine to poke a little fun at it, but it always produces the answer. The designs are delivered on time; the costumes and scenery are completed to schedule. Managers know that. They also know—though a Messel production can cost more money than one by any other designer—that they get full value for their money and that they are employing a genius who can set the mood of a piece as surely as the cleverest producer or the most brilliant actor.

Moreover, it is a safe bet that whatever the critics may think of the play or the performances, Messel at least will get good Press notices. Indeed, he usually walks away with them. It happened with *The Little Hut*, *The Queen of Spades*, and—only the other day, in Detroit—with the première of the pre-New York production of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was hailed as yet another personal triumph for Messel.

Exciting? Yes, dear lady, you didn't know the half of it.

★

## Who . . . Me?

OPERATION "Pitch Black Coffee" is on at the moment, and, as you say, I abhor making a definite statement. I can only say: Thank you very much.

Oliver Messel.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

OLIVER MESSEL: HE SETS THE MOOD OF A PLAY

## Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
That is to say, from the radio team: Jimmy Edwards, Joy Nichols and Dick Bentley.

PRESERVING MR. PANMURE (Aldwych).
Preserving Pinero as well.

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT. (Ambassadors).
The daughters of the Marchioness and the milliner meet in the Scotland of 1885.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

WORM'S EYE VIEW (Comedy).
Delderfield's comedy of airmen-in-billets is advertised as "in its sixth year."

WHO IS SYLVIA? (Criterion).
Terence Rattigan's light comedy flicks amiably across three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

POINT OF DEPARTURE (Duke of York's).
Theatrical vigour in Anouilh's controversial play.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade taken from the French by Christopher Fry and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

LITTLE BOY BLUE (His Majesty's).
Emney and Hearne in skirts and out.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Soon Ivor Novello returns as the King in his own "musical." (Vanessa Lee as the Queen.)

DEAR MISS PHŒBE (Phœnix).
Barrie set harmlessly to music.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

THE FOL-DE-ROLS (St. Martin's).
The end-of-the-pier in the West End—and very nice, too.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Savoy).
A bubble of comedy.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN? (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS (Victoria Palace.)
The Crazy Gang—all over the place.

RELUCTANT HEROES (Whitehall).
Military slap-bang.

HOME AND BEAUTY (Wyndham's).
Maugham's chuckling farce.

# AT THE THEATRE

### ★ First Choice ★

## THE GAY INVALID

*(Garrick)*

I PUT this play first, less because of its fidelity to Molière—it is a very free version indeed, without satirical bite—than because it brings back to London the Austrian actress, Elisabeth Bergner. Memories of Bergner are so strong from those days of the 'thirties, when she was hailed—I fear, unwarily—as a great actress, that many people will be eager to know how time has dealt with her. The answer is that she has hardly changed at all in looks or in curiously metallic speech. There is no chance for the Toinette of *The Gay Invalid* to be the kind of waif in which Bergner used to specialise—she made a waif of even her film Rosalind—but we can appreciate at least, as of old, her accurate technique and her watchful timing. I do not find this an endearing performance: it is competent and calculated rather than buoyant. Still, Bergner is a personality. Her reappearance, bracketed with that most English of actors, A. E. Matthews, in a theatrical raid upon *Le Malade Imaginaire*, is not to be overlooked.

Sir Barry Jackson designed the original adaptation (done at the Birmingham Repertory), and his name is on the Garrick programme, now with that of Robert Brenon as collaborator. I feel that whenever the Molière spirit shines through the piece, Sir Barry must be responsible. Alas, Molière is too often blurred by new inventions. Though some of the dance-and-mime in the Parisian street is amusing and graceful, and the Christmas-card snow setting has pictorial charm, we cannot forget that the central figure—here called Crank—is quite unlike the testy fellow of the Molière comedy who is resolved to enjoy ill-health. A. E. Matthews has a vague, off-hand, flitter-flutter quality: it is most delightful in its fashion, but the fashion is not Molière's. Probably it would be better to regard the whole piece as a brisk fantastic charade-sequence based on an idea from an old play. If you can do this, the evening will slip along much more happily.

There are one or two enjoyable passages. Daphne Slater, a young actress who looks like a bit of porcelain and who has a swiftly intelligent approach to any part, makes a real character of the elder girl, Angelica—swoons and all. This is something Molière might have cheered. He would not have been dissatisfied, I fancy, with Stuart Latham's idea of the younger Douche, grotesque suitor, or with Michael Shepley's outline of the candid Heartwell.

Altogether it is an odd evening, an excursion in French-without-tears, though any student of the great dramatist whose name adorns the programme is likely to weep buckets.

Elisabeth Bergner as Toinette

Tod Slaughter as Professor Purge

## . with J. C. TREWIN

### HENRY THE FIFTH

*(Old Vic)*

IT is the custom to sniff at *Henry the Fifth* and to call it a School Certificate exercise. Its enemies say it is Shakespeare's special pleading for a dubious young man and an unworthy expedition; a patriotic historical pageant with a few purple-patch orations. For my part, I find it as exciting to watch and to hear as—quite plainly—the Old Vic Company now finds it exciting to act. I don't think that one person in a thousand inquires into the historical rights of Henry's cause, or into the historical complexities of his character. The play is, first, an essay in patriotism, one that rings to the note of "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!" But there are, too, some moving passages of reflection—as in Henry's speech on the night before Agincourt—that must hold any listener prepared to listen and not merely to let words wash over him.

At the Old Vic, Glen Byam Shaw has produced without nonsense, letting the play drive forward in spacious Motley-designed sets, with Roger Livesey bounding on periodically as that friendly and inspiring Chorus. (Alec Clunes, at the première, spoke neatly of Livesey as "our Public Relations Officer" in an amusing curtain-speech that should be added to every performance.) Clunes himself is a gallant and unforced Henry: he lets the verse flow, and he handles the courtship — with Dorothy Tutin's exquisite little Princess— as well as he lets drive at the Harfleur oration. William Devlin flashes out as Fluellen (with leek); Robert Eddison does as much as most actors with Pistol—the part is apt to misfire in these days—and, in spite of certain weaknesses in the rank-and-file, the revival does honour both to the Vic and to an often ill-used chronicle.

★

### THE SILVER BOX

*(Lyric, Hammersmith)*

AS I left the Lyric I heard a girl of about twenty saying to her companion in tones of acute surprise: "But, you know, he's quite a good dramatist." It was a charming understatement. Galsworthy—who has had no major revival in London for fifteen years—is unknown in the theatre to a new generation of playgoers. His work has been broadcast and televised; the West End stage has turned its back. Now Galsworthy is here again, with his first play, that sharply-written exposition of the "one-law-for-the-rich, one-for-the-poor" theme in the world of 1906. The dramatic conflict remains, and it is very well realised at Hammersmith. Frederick Leister is especially in the mood as the humbugging elder Barthwick. Kathleen Harrison, acting on the lines indicated by the author, keeps the pathos of poor tragic Mrs. Jones.

## Next Stage

I DO not think any actress has had the chance, which Vivien Leigh will have in May, of presenting two entirely different Cleopatras within a week of each other. On May 10, at the St. James's, she will be Shaw's idea of the young Queen in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*; and a week later she will pass to Shakespeare's Queen, with that final scene written, as John Masefield said once, "at one golden time, in a gush of the spirit, when the man must have been trembling." Sir Laurence Olivier will be both the Shavian Cæsar and the Shakespearean Mark Antony: he has played neither part before.

#### HASSAN OF BAGDAD

Godfrey Tearle, who was the last Antony in the West End, is to appear in Festival year as the confectioner of Bagdad in James Elroy Flecker's poetic drama, *Hassan*. Basil Dean, who produced the play at His Majesty's in 1923, will direct the revival, and the Delius music is to be used. This is bound to rouse argument again about the young poet of the oak-and-olive who died at Davos early in 1915, leaving a group of poems distinguished by colour and craftsmanship, and two poetic plays, *Hassan* and the strange and lovely *Don Juan*.

#### COURTNEIDGE AND NOVELLO

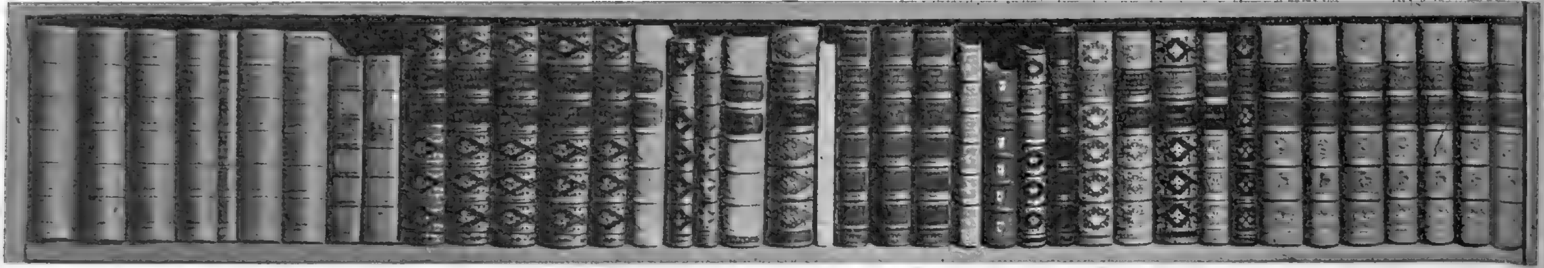
Tom Arnold, who presents *Hassan*, will be staging an entirely different type of piece on Friday of this week (February 16), when Cicely Courtneidge opens at the Saville in *Gay's The Word*, a new musical play by Ivor Novello. Next Monday (February 19), Novello himself—with Olive Gilbert and Robert Andrews—returns to the cast of Tom Arnold's presentation of *King's Rhapsody* (Palace). This is the 579th performance: there will be new costumes for the principals and an entirely new scene.

#### KATE AND FRIENDS

Everything is warming up now for the *Kiss Me Kate* première at the Coliseum on March 8. Besides Patricia Morison and Bill Johnson, the cast also includes such people as Adelaide Hall, Julie Wilson, Austin Trevor, Sydney James and Danny Green. To solve all doubts about the theme of the piece, I must explain that this is a modern musical comedy dealing with a troupe of actors whose current production happens to be *The Taming of the Shrew*. There are sixteen scenes.

#### GETTING AROUND

Ann Todd, Leo Genn and Herbert Lom will open at the Princes Theatre in *The Seventh Veil* on March 14. . . . In March Peter Ustinov will appear in his own play, *The Love of Four Colonels*, John Fernald producing. . . . *Thieves' Carnival* (Anouilh) begins at the Birmingham Repertory on March 6. . . . Joy Nichols is back at the Adelphi in *Take It From Us*.



# OUR BOOKSHELF

## by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL, 1762-1763. (*Heinemann ; 21s.*)

THE LOVED AND ENVIED. By Enid Bagnold. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)

30 YEARS WITH G.B.S. By Blanche Patch. (*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)

THE NEAT LITTLE CORPSE. By Max Murray. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)

I CANNOT do much more here than record the publication of this first collection of the hitherto lost Boswell papers which have miraculously come to us like a voice speaking from the eighteenth century. The story of their survival against all likelihood, and the discovery of them by a Professor Chauncey B. Tinker, of Yale University, and an American book-collector, reads like a piece of fiction by an author who could not bother with probabilities. But even if there had been any doubt about their genuineness it would be dispelled by the first two pages of perhaps the most extraordinary piece of self-revelation in English literature. I doubt if any of the diarists of the past have been as candid as this young son of a Scots laird, newly arrived in London and enchanted with the life he found there, the people he met and most of all with himself. Certainly none of the women memoir-writers achieved this chuckling frankness of disclosure; even Mme. D'Arblay is coy compared with him, and Pepys an introvert. This gives the book a delicious, spring-like freshness which is too sincere to be called ingenuous, too humorous and virile to be thought introspective. Boswell reflecting that he must not be so ridiculous at a dinner-party or so trusting with his mistress, Boswell recalling his witticism of the evening and voicing his hopes and doubts for the future is, in fact, more interesting than Boswell meeting Johnson for the first time in Davies's bookshop and finding him "a man of a most dreadful appearance. He is a very big man, is troubled with sore eyes, the palsy, and the king's evil. He is very slovenly in his dress and speaks with a most uncouth voice." Indeed this is Boswell's own book, and although much of its interest lies in his often shrewd, always original studies of his contemporaries, it would be vital and entertaining if Boswell had met no one but landladies, street-walkers, and anonymous coffee-house patrons.

His swift portraits, however, are always to the point. Charles Churchill "a rough, blunt fellow, very clever"; Oliver Goldsmith "a curious, odd pedantic fellow with some genius"; James Macpherson "an honest Scotch Highlander"; John Wilkes "a lively, facetious man"—Boswell was never afraid to write down his first impression. He leaves us with a great debt of gratitude to his shade and to the preservers and editors of his book.

WITH a regretful backward glance we must turn again to our own century and to a highly contemporary production of its middle year. *The Loved and Envied* is a closely-woven, satin-smooth and shimmering piece of work, as streamlined and effective as a creation by one of the designers it mentions, Christian Dior and Jacques Fath. It is a portrait, primarily, of a woman, the beautiful Lady Maclean, fifty-three years old and surrounded by affectionate and eccentric friends. This Ruby is seen from a great many angles, full-face and in profile, but at the end of the book one still knows no more of her than that she was beautiful, kind and casual, a fond but ineffectual mother, a loving but unsatisfactory wife. The people around her are more incisively etched: her husband Gynt who ceases to be a gay, warm-hearted man to become a misanthropic bird-watcher (and night birds at that); Rudi Holbein, the egomaniac playwright; the Duca di Roccafergolo, an enormously fat millionaire who loves Ruby but marries his housekeeper; Cora Holbein, the plain and purposeful painter; Edouard, Vicomte de Bas-Pouilly with his ageing mistress; Ruby's Aunt Ursula, who had a deformed ear and made a fortune out of a beauty-parlour; her maid Piffle, who ministered to her until stricken with palsy—an endless gallery of men and women, violently heterogeneous, hectically alive. For the first half of the book while we are meeting these people, the author's technique is impressive and we hurry along charmed by the clean lucidity of her style and by a creative faculty of real distinction at work in pleasant surroundings. But as the book goes on and we find almost every character obsessed with thoughts of old age, disease and death, talking endlessly of the threats of these spectres and seeing Ruby as removed from them, we realise regretfully that all this creation has been to very little purpose and that the book is becoming a dirge. It returns to convulsive life in the end, but in view of Miss Bagnold's quite extraordinary gifts, it is a disappointment.

MISS PATCH'S book is no disappointment, in spite of its faulty syntax. ("Whether she was always wholly in agreement with G.B.S. is unlikely" may be an extreme case of this, but it is not unique.) During all her three decades with Shaw, Miss Patch kept her head—a remarkable achievement as it seems to me—and although she appreciated warmly all that was admirable and interesting about her employer, she writes now without awe, sentimentality or gush. No other book about Shaw has made its readers feel, with that exciting certainty which only the best biographies inspire, that they are meeting the man himself, not staring at a mask or kneeling before an idol. And it is not only with Shaw himself that she is thus successful, but with the countless men and women, famous or obscure, whom she met while she was with him. She even, in a terse aside, shows us Haigh the murderer as she saw him in her Kensington hotel. She has one exceedingly rare gift: she can make all these people clear to us without a touch of acidity, and although she must have detested many of Shaw's visitors and acquaintances and been fond of others, she conceals her own feelings without once becoming insipid. She would, I imagine, be shocked to think that the Shaw she reveals is a somewhat unsympathetic and philistine person, indifferent to most of the graces and pleasures of meat-eating, wine-bibbing and earthy people like ourselves, superior to gardening and gourmandising alike and, towards the end, obsessed with a spectral fear of poverty. She clearly took his weaknesses for granted and admits them now neither with gusto nor reluctance, but as part of a true picture.

LASTLY, a detective story, or at least, a murder mystery, for in a detective story the sleuth should surely be the hero, and in this case the hero is one of the suspects. This is a gay bit of frivol in Jamaica, with a private yacht, bags of murder and superstitious Jamaicans who see "duppies." Mr. Max Murray does this kind of inconsequential thing extremely well, and his dialogue is a treat in itself. But it seemed to me—I hope I'm wrong—that in this book he shows signs of concern with the merely literary aspects of his work, a dangerous tendency towards good writing at the expense of bewilderment and deduction. It would be unfortunate if such a good maker of thrillers were to become a novelist.

The "neat little corpse" of the story is that of Richard Walker, and it is seen from the deck of Patrick Fairlie's yacht. "The white tropical suit clung primly to the body and even the black shoes retained their gloss." It starts Inspector Mole on a search which for him has no satisfactory ending, though the better-informed reader is given a private view of what happened in this case and those which followed it. There are some rather over-named characters like Captain Bloodshot and Human Stanley, and a brace of love-stories with happy endings and a good many of the kind of cliché most appropriate to murder mysteries, like an old man's "gnarled fingers" and a boy's touching something that "made his body go taut." But it's a good active sort of thriller and to addicts I warmly recommend it.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**STRANGERS IN FLORIDA.**
By Bernard Glemser. (*Cresset Press ; 10s. 6d.*)

A character called Robert Crane finds his holiday in the sun becoming violent, amorous and full of incident. He enjoys this and so, within reason, will the reader.

**THE BIZARRE SISTERS.**
By J. and A. Walz. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

A late eighteenth-century trial for infanticide in Virginia made into a novel. Quite well done, but with unnaturally heightened effects.

**THE PRODIGAL HEART.**
By Susan Ertz. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

A sentimental story, strangely unlike this author's earlier books.

**THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT.**
By Jean-Louis Curtis. (*Lehmann ; 12s. 6d.*)

The French Resistance must be the most written-about movement of the last war. This is better than most novels concerned with it, savagely cynical, but fast and lively.

**THE ASSYRIAN AND OTHER STORIES.**
By William Saroyan. (*Faber ; 10s. 6d.*)

This new collection consists of a long prefatory note on Writing, a short novel and ten shorter tales. They are well up to the standard of the *Saturday Evening Post*, in which some of them appeared.

STAGE.—Daphne Slater : For the delicacy, poise and period sense of her Angelica in *The Gay Invalid*, adapted from Molière, at the Garrick Theatre.

J. C. Trewin

SCREEN.—Anna Baldini, a lovely, coltish creature with a Bergner charm, who was found amongst the Italian holiday crowds on the beach at Ostia and makes her screen début in *Sunday in August*.

C A Lejeune

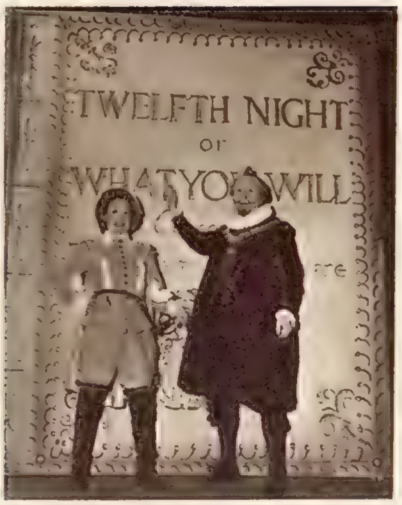
# CHOICE OF THE MONTH

*Selected by our Panel of Experts*

LITERATURE.—When the monks saw the Jackdaw of Rheims, "Heedless of grammar, they all cried, '*That's him!*'" Miss Blanche Patch makes us behave exactly thus by her book, *Thirty Years With G.B.S.*

RADIO.—Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne : For the dignity and resource which they show when stumbling over bodies in "May I Have the Treasure ?"

Frederick Laws




"IF music be the food of love, play on." It is just 350 years ago, tradition has it, that these words were first spoken in the great hall of the Middle Temple. Richard Burbage is said to have led the company of players, the Lord Chamberlain's Men, including Shakespeare himself, in a performance of *Twelfth Night* before no less a personage than Queen Elizabeth. This tradition has been disputed. But on February 2, 1951, *Twelfth Night* was once again performed in Middle Temple Hall, this time indisputably before a Queen of England—also named Elizabeth—by Donald Wolfit's men and women players. We see him, above, in the part of Malvolio, with Rosalind Iden as Viola. The great book behind them is not the prompter's copy: it does not contain the Bard's immortal words. It is a clever device which provided the only scenery used in this production. On its pages were painted various scenes; they merely had to be turned by two attendants for the locale to be changed. And as scenery was almost unheard of in Shakespeare's day, this device was well within the great tradition.

Two pages turn a leaf of the book and—hey presto!—the scene is changed. The play goes on.

Historic Middle Templ[e]... perfo[r]...

But first the actors must prepare. Donald Wolfit makes up in an improvised dressing-room which looks suspiciously like a cloakroom.

In another odd corner of Middle Temple Hall the ladies o[f the] company put the finishing touches to their make-up

where once again *Twelfth Night* was played before a Queen of England. We hope Good Queen Bess enjoyed the original 350 years ago—or is the Hall just one more place that can boast that "Queen Elizabeth slept here"?

The men are relegated to the scullery. But actors—like sailors—don't care. Players are traditionally used to roughing it.

The play goes on: Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Joseph Chelton), Maria (Eileen Barry), Feste (Bryan Johnson) and Sir Toby Belch (John Gill) in the kitchen.

Television is going North. The construction of the newest transmitter—designed to serve the North of England—continues steadily despite the recent cold weather. It is due for service later this year.

Henry Caldwell's "Café Continental" continues to be a steady favourite with viewers. Here is a scene from the first broadcast of it from the Lime Grove studios.

Poppy (Moira Lister) may be the wife of his twin brother Sam (Robert Beatty), but that does not stop George Marsh (also Robert Beatty). A scene from Rex Rienits' *Joseph Proctor's Money.*

# TELEVISION

## by CYRIL BUTCHER

## LOOKING AROUND

SINCE the appearance of the last issue, we have been called over the coals by several readers who have taken the trouble to write and complain that our remarks regarding the future of television were far too sketchy—sorry; the pun wasn't meant. "You tell us that we cannot look forward to any increased line-definition in the predictable future," they say. "You tell us that to do so would mean 'scrapping practically every item of present television equipment—including your receivers.' You also say that colour television is not yet a working proposition—not even in the U.S.A. We have heard differently. You have given us the *what*; can we please have the *why*?"

Of course you can, but please do not complain, if we oblige, that you are being blinded by science.

### NO ROOM IN THE "CHANNELS."

Very well, we begin with line-definition. A glance at the dictionary establishes that one of the meanings of "definition" is the degree of distinctness in the outline of an object or image. We assume general knowledge of the fact that a television picture is produced by a spot of light, varying in brilliance, which traces—in British standards—405 lines across the screen, twenty-five times a second. (We discussed this matter of "scanning" some time ago.) Obviously, more lines mean clearer pictures, with greater detail, so let's have thousands of them. That's all very well, but in science you can't have your cake and eat it. If you increase the number of lines, you must also increase the width of the band of frequencies on which you broadcast. That, in turn, means you will have fewer radio "channels" available within the range of frequencies allotted to this country by international agreement. To illustrate, one need only think of a main-line stretch on which four railway-tracks run side by side. If one were to increase the gauge, those tracks would overlap, unless the number were reduced. So in order to provide sufficient channels for the television network with which the B.B.C. plan to serve the greater part of the British Isles, they will have to be restricted to their present range of three megacycles. That is also the maximum which any existing co-axial cable land-line or radio link can cope with, unless you are prepared to install "boosters" every few hundred yards. To do that over distances of hundreds of miles would not only be hideously expensive, but faintly Gilbertian.

Then how has France been able to adopt a standard of 625 lines, and the U.S.A. 525? The answer is that they haven't—not completely. Admittedly they use a higher *horizontal* definition. But, when one remembers that a television picture is really composed of a multitude of square dots, there is *vertical* definition to be considered as well. And, at a given frequency band, you cannot increase one without diminishing the other. During our recent visit to Kingswood Warren Research Station, we saw this fact amply demonstrated. At 625 lines the picture was no clearer than at 405—in fact, it had become unpleasantly distorted.

### COLOUR PROS AND CONS.

Now for colour. In the States, experiments in this direction have boiled themselves down to two systems, produced by rival radio concerns. They both have their advantages and disadvantages, and our informants, who have witnessed demonstrations, assure us that they both are still somewhat crude. System A, which has received official approval as the standard one for America, produces better pictures but has the disadvantage of needing a colour disc of red, blue and green revolving at high speed, with consequent liability to go wrong. It is also not "compatible"—that is to say, it is impossible to receive an ordinary black-and-white picture from the same transmission. System B, however, is compatible. It gives even better black-and-white pictures than coloured ones. But—here is the snag—the colour is not as good as A's. That, briefly, is the position to date. The B.B.C.'s main worry is that public demand may force it to inaugurate a colour service before a thoroughly sound system has been devised and perfected.

A scene from *The Powder Monkey*, by Arthur Groom, in which Jeremy Spenser, playing the name-part, strikes up a friendship with one of the *Victory*'s gunners (Francis de Wolff).

*Release*, by Alfred Shaughnessy, has a happy ending, but it is led up to by a harrowing scene in which Catherine is made to reveal her past. Anthony Forwood and Margaret Leighton.

## LOOKING BACK

ONCE more, the acting honours go to a woman. It 's curious how these things go in cycles. Excellent as other artists have been, Margaret Leighton topped the lot with an exquisitely sensitive and moving performance in *Release*, by Alfred Shaughnessy. It was not an easy part. Catherine, of respectable suburbia, marries in her teens to escape from her domineering mother, murders her bullying husband, serves five years of a life sentence, and returns to the family fold bewildered and branded. Can she begin life anew? Has she the right to marry the nice young man with whom she has now fallen in love, and bear him children? In the hands of a lesser actress that rôle might have been one long drip of self-pity. Not so with Miss Leighton, who aroused and maintained in us a deep compassion. Other good performances came from Julien Mitchell, as Catherine's father, Anthony Forwood as the aforesaid nice young man, and from her brother, played by Ray Jackson, who is without doubt television's most promising juvenile player. But all these would not have come off so well had they been less happily served by the author and the producer, Harold Clayton.

*Joseph Proctor's Money*, by Rex Rienits, based on the novel by W. H. Lane Crawford, and produced by Dallas Bower, was a vehicle for two more examples of fine acting. The plot, involving the impersonation of one twin brother—a kind, gentle creature—by the other, who is no end of a rapscallion, would take pages to describe. But Robert Beatty, in the dual rôle, pulled off a real *tour de force*. With only seconds to change from one character to the other, there was no time for any alteration of make-up. The transformation had to be done mentally, and in television acting it is the mental approach which succeeds. Abetting the beastly brother and married to the nice one was Moira Lister, who painted as satisfying a portrait of a slut as one is ever likely to see.

The dramatic side of the Children's Programmes is really getting into its stride. Richmal Crompton's famous character " William " was bound to appear sooner or later, and in *Just William* Alick Hayes put him into a most absorbing situation, when after being an utter pest, he ended up by catching a jewel thief and showing what a little hero he is at heart. Robert Sandford made a perfect William. If only adult players could act with such a lack of self-consciousness as children! Young Jeremy Spenser is just another example. He made hay with the grown-ups in *The Powder Monkey*, by Arthur Groom, a somewhat unhistoric incident in the historic goings-on aboard H.M.S. *Victory* at Trafalgar. The production by Alan Bromly used Lime Grove's facilities to the full and gave the cameramen and lighting engineer a chance to show what they can do in the matter of pictorial light and shade.

It 's time we paid tribute to Harry Rutherford, the cartoonist, who has been giving us children so much pleasure with his illustrated talks about this and that, not to mention his quite new way of reviewing books, by sketching relevant scenes from them as he talks. He has an easy, unassuming manner with just a hint of a chuckle in his voice. Undoubtedly he is doomed to become one of television's stars.

## LOOKING AHEAD

VARIETY seems to be marking time for the moment. Ronnie Waldman tells us that for the next few weeks he will be concentrating mostly on series programmes. Let 's hope that means he is acting on the French proverb: *Pour mieux sauter il faut reculer.* However, here are one or two interesting dates from other departments:

**Feb. 18 and 22.**—Pinero's *The Magistrate*, a domestic farce centring round a lady's natural reluctance to disclose her age. With Richard Goolden, Vivienne Bennett, Jack Allen and Charles Heslop. Production by Campbell Logan.

**Feb. 23.**—Piano recital by Malcuzynski.

**Feb. 24.**—O.B. of England *v.* France at Twickenham.

**Feb. 25 and Mar. 1.**—Two-studio production by Stephen Harrison of *Julius Cæsar*, with Walter Hudd, Anthony Hawtry, Patrick Barr and Clement McCallin.

*For more discriminating viewers—i.e., the children.*

**Feb. 25.**—*The Little Swan*, a ballet play by Macgregor Urquhart, production by Naomi Capon.

**Feb. 27.**—*Dolls of All Nations*, presented by Dorothy Brooking.

**Mar. 4.**—Ballet. *The Three Bears.* Music by Eric Coates, choreography by Joy Newton.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.

Margaret Leighton, for her beautiful and moving performance in *Release*, as a girl, freed from prison, who tries to re-adapt herself to normal society.

At the Royale Theatre—*Affairs of State*, with Reginald Owen back on the stage after eighteen years in the movies. He gives an outstanding performance as a distinguished former Secretary of State, and Celeste Holm plays a shy school-teacher. Directed by the author, Louis Verneuil.

At the Morosco—*Second Threshold*, by Philip Barry, revised by Robert E. Sherwood. Here matinée idol Clive Brook makes his Broadway début, and the scene here shows, l. to r.: Clive Brook as Josiah Bolton, Betsy von Furstenberg as Thankful Mother, Margaret Phillips as Miranda Bolton, Hugh Reilly as Toby Wells.

# WHAT GOES

NEW YORK is booming theatrically, with some notable presentations, and Broadway's spotlights lay emphasis on the names of stars known transatlantically. Both plays and giant spectacles are in evidence—chief among the former is the début of Clive Brook in the brilliantly-written *Second Threshold*, in which Margaret Phillips plays

The huge new musical, *Call Me Madam*, at the Imperial, stars Ethel Merman in Mainbocher dresses and top form, with Paul Lukas. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, book by Ronald Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Here, centre, is Ethel Merman in the finale, in a song-hit.

John van Druten's hit comedy of modern witch
Theatre, brings Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer
as Nicky Holroyd, and Larry

At the National—a noteworthy presentation of *King Lear*, directed by John Houseman. Louis Calhern is Lear, seen dividing his kingdom between Goneril (Edith Atwater) and Regan (Jo van Fleet), with Joseph Wiseman as Gloucester's son Edmond. Others in the cast: Martin Gabel, Arnold Moss.

At Madison Square Garden—*Hollywood Ice Revue*, with international skating star Sonja Henie heading a company of 200 in a magnificent extravaganza. Here she is dancing the Charleston—a popular feature of the 'twenties, when Sonja started her career.

# ON BROADWAY

his daughter Miranda, with conflict between them. Of the big spectacles, *Hollywood Ice Revue*, with magnetic skating-star Sonja Henie, combines startling beauty with rich comedy. Several handsome, skilful partners accompany Sonja in intricate, flashing dances. And here are other stars and scenes from current New York shows.

...aft, *Bell, Book and Candle*, at the Ethel Barrymore ...ght) to the stage together. Left: Scott McKay ...ates as Sidney Redlitch.

This is the spectacular finale of *Starbright*, gala revue at Radio City's Music Hall. Round the giant tree made of silvery metal and glittering with coloured lights, the Rockettes and *corps de ballet* dance on the revolving stage.

# ★ ★ ★ AT THE

## REVIEWS *by* C. A. LEJEUNE

"THE DARK MAN."—A thriller set on the South Coast of England and ending with a really splendid chase. Edward Underdown (seated left in picture) has one of the three leading rôles with Natasha Parry and Maxwell Reed.

### FILMS IN BRIEF

"KIM."—Dean Stockwell as a junior, and Errol Flynn as a senior British spy, in one of Hollywood's full-dress Eastern manœuvres. Crowds, colour, pageantry, Indian backgrounds, everything that money can buy. But it remains one of the Just Not So Stories.

"THE BREAKING POINT."—John Garfield as the hero of Hemingway's story *To Have and Have Not*, about a rugged individualist of a boatman who misguidedly tries to double-cross the gangsters who have double-crossed him. Savage, but a rather more solid melodrama than most, with a touching performance from the coloured actor, Juano Hernandez, and a good healthy blow of ocean air.

"THE BATTLE OF POWDER RIVER."—Another Western in the new Honest Injun cycle, and an exceptionally good one; with lots of action, and Van Heflin fine as the frontier scout whose loyalties are torn between the white colonel who has hired him, and the redskins into whose tribe he has married.

"BRANDED."—A second-string Western, but with a novel idea and a grand pursuit scene at the end, about a gunfighter who poses as the kidnapped son of a rich rancher, on the strength of a faked birthmark on his shoulder. With Alan Ladd.

"L'ASSASSINAT DU PÈRE NOËL."—Harry Baur's last film presents him as a shabby village Santa Claus, who gets mixed up with murder and church robbery. There is something about a crippled child, a mad woman with a stuffed cat, and a Baron who pretends to be a leper because he wants to be alone. Sometimes thoroughly nasty; sometimes oddly attractive; never commonplace.

"SUNDAY IN AUGUST."—An Italian film telling the story of a day in the lives of five little groups of people, produced by the same Sergio Amidei who wrote the scenarios for *Open City, Paisa* and *Bicycle Thieves*. Picture shows Anna Baldini and Franco Interlenghi.

### "THE DARK MAN"

THERE is nothing a man enjoys more at the pictures than to see on the screen a person or a place he knows. By this I don't mean Clark Gable and the Empire State Building, although he ought to know them well enough by now; but Mrs. Jones from next door, and the corner where he waits for his bus: someone or something from his normal life. In an odd way, it gives him a sense of identity with the picture.

Thousands of British picturegoers will be able to identify themselves with *The Dark Man*; in fact, everybody who knows and loves the South Coast from Eastbourne to Dungeness. The film doesn't *say* that it is centred on Hastings. It tells us that the scene is "the peaceful seaside town of Walsham Bay." But the thousands will know better.

This familiarity of sea-front and coach-route and marsh and railway crossing, with recognisable headlands in the distance, does a great deal to step up interest in a thriller that isn't half bad to start with. The story gets away with admirable velocity. In fact, according to the new fashion, it gets away even before the credit titles. A smooth, tall, sinister gentleman, dark and suggestively gloved, hails a taxi on the front at "Walsham" and speeds inland to commit a murder. Having put paid to an ancient cottager who has been too successful in a Black Market deal, he proceeds to eliminate the taxi-driver, and is getting away comfortably when he is spotted by a young woman on a bicycle.

The young woman is an actress (she seems to be miscast as the Queen in *Hamlet*) at the Walsham Bay Repertory Theatre, and from this moment onwards her life is obviously a bad risk for any insurance company. A whisper of what she has seen makes headlines in the local Press. A detective from Scotland Yard is sent down to watch her. The Dark Man makes his plans to kill her, from a convenient hotel with a view of the stage door. After an abortive attempt or two on her life, the story starts to gallop, and ends with a really splendid chase that brings all the characters together near an army shooting range.

I liked *The Dark Man*, and not only, I 'm sure, because a number of holidays has made me familiar with almost every yard of the terrain. The dialogue is unusually sharp, and often funny; the tension mounts; the whole thing reminds me of a rather better *Clouded Yellow*; and the chief players, Natasha Parry, Maxwell Reed and Edward Underdown, are not unsuccessful in their parts. In particular, I was interested in Mr. Underdown, a well-known amateur rider who came into films by way of *They Were Not Divided*. As an actor, he is still thrashing about wildly. But he seems to be bringing a welcome intelligence to the new job, and as a personality he has arrived.

★

### "SUNDAY IN AUGUST"

*SUNDAY IN AUGUST*, an Italian film with English sub-titles, is concerned with the people who stream out of Rome to the beach at Ostia on a hot summer's day, using everything that runs on wheels.

Producer Sergio Amidei (he wrote the scenario of *Open City*, *Paisa* and *Bicycle Thieves*) and director Luciano Emmer (who has so far been identified with documentaries on art) have followed the fortunes of five little groups of people from morning until dusk, concentrating on one member of each group in particular. Enrico (Franco Interlenghi) is a plumber's son. With a crowd of boys of his own age, and an importunate little brother on his handlebars, he scorches along the roads to Ostia on his new cycle, racing all the way. Marcella (Anna Baldini) is the taxi-driver's niece. She piles into her uncle's old bone-shaker of a cab, with her mother and father, her brothers and sisters, the deck-chair and the bathing-costumes and the luncheon-basket. Luciana (Elvy Lissiak) is a handsome wench who allows herself to be picked up by a smooth stranger in a stream-lined car, because she is bored, and obstinate, and has quarrelled with her boy-friend. Alberto (Emilio Cigoli) is a widower with one little girl, whom he is taking by train to Ostia to a summer school, very much against his will.

The fifth story concerns the man who stayed at home. This is Ercole (Marcello Mastroianni), a policeman, who is left behind on point duty in the deserted streets of Rome. It is too late, when he is relieved, to go to the seaside, so he spends the afternoon with the maid-servant he plans to marry (and there is every reason why he should), sitting and walking in the parks.

It would be foolish to pretend that the Signore Amidei and Emmer are equally successful with all their characters. The beach at Ostia would appear to combine the characterisation of Margate and the Lido, with an uncompromising wire fence separating the popular from the exclusive *plage*. The authors seem ill at ease on the Lido side of the wire; or, rather, it would be truer to say that they seem determined *not* to be at ease. I don't think they like rich people very much. At any rate, their fashionable characters are all fools, or knaves, or cowards, or grotesques, and extraordinarily unconvincing. On the Margate side they are splendidly at home, and the characters, both old and young, are brought to life with quick, warm strokes.

The real star of the film is the beach at Ostia itself, in all its show of sun and tide and changing light, but the very young actress Anna Baldini, a coltish creature with a Bergner charm, is a great discovery.

# CINEMA ★ ★ ★

## PREVIEW

OFFENBACH'S light opera, *Tales of Hoffman*, promises, as a film, to be a worthy sequel to *The Red Shoes*. Written, produced and directed by the same Michael Powell-Emeric Pressburger team, it has an almost all-star cast which, on the ballet side, includes such dancers as Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann and Leonide Massine. The part of Hoffman is taken by American tenor Robert Rounseville, and Pamela Brown also has an important acting rôle. Frederick Ashton is responsible for the choreography and Dennis Arundell for the English libretto. The orchestra is the Royal Philharmonic conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. The whole is in Technicolor. We should be seeing the result of this notable conglomeration of talent some time during the spring.

*Right:* French ballerina Ludmilla Tcherina, who takes the part of Hoffman's second love, the beautiful courtesan, Giullietta, with American tenor Robert Rounseville as Hoffman.

*Below:* Moira Shearer and French *premier danseur* Edmond Audran in the Stella ballet in the Epilogue. Moira dances also in the Prologue and again as the doll Olympia in Act I.

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

AUDREY WHITE: For being "too glamorous to be a Television Announcer."

WHEN Mary Malcolm took a month's leave from Television announcing, Audrey White, one of Britain's star models, was an unsuccessful candidate for the vacancy. Rumour had it that she was "too glamorous." But viewers are not thereby deprived of a sight of Audrey, as she appears regularly in TV's programme: "Designed for Women."

W. H. ROBINSON (left) AND R. F. ELLISON: For their outstanding performance in a 1½-litre British car in the Monte Carlo Rally.

A FEATURE of this year's Monte Carlo Rally was the handling by R. F. Ellison and W. H. Robinson of their Jowett Jupiter, in which they won the 1,500-c.c. class for Britain. The speed and control of the Jupiter in the final tests, in which it outclassed many more powerful cars, brought the Monte Carlo crowd to its feet in admiration. In the open class Ellison and Robinson were only 1 point behind the outright winner of the Rally—Jean Trevoux in a 4½-litre Delahaye.

MISS JEANNETTE ALTWEGG: For winning the Ladies' European Figure-Skating Championship for Britain for the first time since 1939.

IN a close duel with the French skating star, Miss Jacqueline du Bief, in the finals of the Ladies' European Figure-Skating Championship at Zurich on February 4, twenty-year-old Miss Jeannette Altwegg skated the best performance of her career to win the title for Britain for the first time since Miss Cecilia Colledge held it in 1939. Miss Altwegg, who lives at Downe, Kent, will not turn professional.

CAPTAIN CHARLES BLAIR: For his record 7¾-hours solo Atlantic crossing from New York to London in a Mustang fighter.

IN November 1949 a Pan-American four-engined Stratocruiser flew from New York to London in the record time of 8 hrs. 55 mins. A fortnight ago Captain Charles Blair, flying a single-seater Mustang fighter from New York, knocked 1 hr. 7 mins. off this time, landing at London Airport 7 hrs. 48 mins. after taking off from Idlewild. The Mustang was powered by a Rolls-Royce Merlin engine.

# . . . AND WE APPLAUD

## LEN HUTTON

For breaking a 59-year-old cricket record.

Not since 1892, when, at Sydney, Bobby Abel carried his bat for 132 runs, has any Englishman achieved this feat in a match against Australia. But on February 5, in this year's fourth Test match at Adelaide, Len Hutton not only carried his bat but scored 24 more runs than Abel. In a glorious innings in which, in spite of a wartime injury, he defied every kind of bowling, Hutton scored 156—more than half England's total.

# WHAT GOES ON

*Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events*

*★ This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

## CEREMONY

The King holds Investitures at Buckingham Palace on Feb. 14, 21 and 28.

Princess Elizabeth attends a Robert Mayer Concert for children at Central Hall, Westminster, on Feb. 24.

## CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

Roger Melvill Cautley, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. C. **Aked**, of Forest Manor, Knaresborough, and Ruth Elizabeth Annette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril **Bradshaw**, of Over Peover, Cheshire, and 15, Herbert Crescent, S.W.1.

Lieut.-Com. David Charles **Currey**, R.N., son of Brig. H. P. Currey, C.B.E., and the Hon. Mrs. Currey, of White Court, Adelaide Crescent, Hove, and Marguerite Patricia, daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady **Beatty**, of Street Farm House, South Warnborough, near Basingstoke.

Major the Hon. Desmond **Chichester**, M.C., Coldstream Guards, younger son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Templemore and Lady Templemore, of Upton House, Alresford, Hants, and Felicity, daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. F. **Harrison** and the Hon. Mrs. Harrison, of King's Walden Bury, Hitchin, Herts.

Joseph Robertson **Cooke-Hurle**, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. J. Cooke-Hurle, of Ashwick Court, Oakhill, near Bath, and Angela, daughter of the late Ifor J. **Buckley**, and of Mrs. Buckley, of 31, Rutland Street, S.W.7.

Lieut. Peter Alexander **Bence-Trower**, R.N., son of the late Capt. R. A. Bence-Trower and of Mrs. Bence-Trower, of States, Medmenham, Bucks, and Sheena Margaret, daughter of the late L. R. H. **Grant**, and of Mrs. W. Smith Grant, of Orton House, Orton, Morayshire.

Graeme Austin Spotswood, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. **Parish**, of Bristol, and Monica Esmée Ebba, only daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady **Suenson-Taylor**, of Prince's Gate, London.

Major Denis Cary **Atkinson**, 4/7 Royal Dragoon Guards, son of Col. and Mrs. E. G. Atkinson, of Newstead, Instow, North Devon, and Felicity Ruth, daughter of Com. J. G. **Sutton**, D.S.C., R.N., of Frampton House, Dorset, and of Mrs. Philip Martin, of Cowden, Charminster, Dorset.

## SPORT

### RACING

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Feb. | 14-15. | Doncaster. |
| ,, | 15. | Wincanton. |
| ,, | 16-17. | Sandown Park. |
| ,, | 17. | Taunton. |
| ,, | 19-20. | Birmingham. |
| ,, | 21. | Plumpton. |
| ,, | 22. | Wincanton. |
| ,, | 23-24. | Lingfield and Haydock. |
| ,, | 24 and 26. | Warwick. |
| ,, | 28-March 1. | Windsor; Ludlow. |
| March | 2. | Catterick and Kempton. |
| ,, | 3. | Worcester. |

### RUGBY FOOTBALL

The following matches will take place at Twickenham:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Feb. | 24. | England *v.* France. |
| March | 3. | Royal Navy *v.* The Army. |
| ,, | 17. | England *v.* Scotland. |
| ,, | 31. | The Army *v.* R.A.F. |

## ENTERTAINMENT

### THEATRE NEWCOMERS

"Preserving Mr. Panmure" (Aldwych)—Pinero's comedy, with Gwen Cherrell and Reginald Purdell, as recently revived at the Arts Theatre.

"Spring in Marino" (Arts)—a comedy, from Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons," with Renée Asherson, Margaret Rawlings, Clive Morton and Derek Farr. Four weeks from Feb. 13.

"Man and Superman" (New)—revival of Shaw's play, with John Clements and Kay Hammond. Feb. 14.

"The Mad Woman of Chaillot" (St. James's)—the Broadway success by Jean Giraudoux, with Martita Hunt. Feb. 15.

"Gay's the Word" (Saville)—Ivor Novello's new musical comedy, starring Cicely Courtneidge, produced by Jack Hulbert, with lyrics by Alan Melville. Feb. 16.

"A Penny for a Song" (Haymarket)—by John Whiting, a comedy set in 1804; with Ronald Squire, Basil Radford and Marie Lohr. March 1.

"Folies Bergère" (Hippodrome)—entirely new Festival Year version. Due March 6.

"Kiss Me Kate" (Coliseum)—the Broadway musical success, with Patricia Morison and Bill Johnson; Cole Porter's lyrics and music. March 8.

"Latin Quarter, 1951" (London Casino)—new version with entirely new cast, production and décor. March 10.

"Electra" and "The Wedding" (Old Vic)—classics by Sophocles and Chekov. March 12.

### MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by George Weldon in a concert of music from the ballet. Feb. 18 at 3.

The London National Orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. A Verdi and Tchaikovsky programme, with soloist Sara Menkes. Feb. 18 at 7.

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Richard Austin, on Feb. 20. Solo pianoforte: Malcuzynski.

Purcell's "King Arthur" will be given on Feb. 21 at 8. Cast includes Gwen Catley, Marjorie Avis, Parry Jones, Owen Brannigan, the B.B.C. Choral Society and the B.B.C. Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.

The Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Furtwangler, on Feb. 22. Solo pianoforte: Edwin Fischer.

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Basil Cameron, on Feb. 25 at 3. Solo violin: Ida Haendel.

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anatole Fistoulari, on Feb. 25 at 7. Solo violin: Campoli.

### OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: Dr. Kleiber conducts "Carmen" with Constance Shacklock in the name-part, on Feb. 15, 20 and 24. The season ends on Feb. 28 with "Boris Godunov."

At Sadler's Wells: the opera season continues.

"The Consul" (Cambridge Theatre)—Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera from New York with all-American cast of 14 led by Marie Powers and Patricia Neway.

### BALLET

At Sadler's Wells: the ballet season continues with performances on Tuesday evenings and Saturday matinées. Robert Helpmann in a revival of "The Prospect Before Us," on Feb. 17 and 20.

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: Sadler's Wells Ballet open their 1951 season on Feb. 21 with "The Sleeping Princess." Eight performances in the first two weeks; Margot Fonteyn dances in the first performance and Moira Shearer in the second, on Feb. 23.

### ART

At the Royal Academy, Burlington House: Holbein and other Masters of the 16th and 17th centuries. Also "Ecole de Paris, 1900-1950."

At Victoria and Albert Museum: Parlour Games and Cards. Song Titles. Until March 4.

At the Guildhall: City of London Art Exhibition. Until Feb. 23.

At Arts Council, 4, St. James's Square. Danish Book Illustrators.

At Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover St.: Humphrey Jennings Memorial Exhibition. Feb. 21.

At the Tate Gallery: Edward Wadworth Memorial Exhibition.

18th Century Venice, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, High Street, Whitechapel. Until March 14.

London Group Annual Exhibition, at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street.

Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1.

Paintings by Hans Feibusch, and by Maurice Serullaz; at Lefevre Gallery. Until March 3.

National Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers, at R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly.

Paintings by Jan Lewitt, and recent French Lithographs by Picasso and others; at Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1.

Open Assembly at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Feb. 23.

Notable purchases and Paintings by Marcoussis, at Roland Browse and Delbanco, 19, Cork Street, W.1.

### SOCIAL EVENTS

Special performance of "The Gondoliers" by the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Assoc. at Scala Theatre, Feb. 21. The Duchess of Gloucester will attend.

"The Melodies Linger On" is the theme of Foyle's Literary Luncheon at the Dorchester on Feb. 22. Speaker is W. Macqueen Pope, and guests of honour include Vera Lynn, Max Miller and Bransby Williams.

A special performance of "Gay's the Word" at the Saville Theatre in aid of the Ex-Services Welfare Society on Feb. 27. The Queen has consented to attend.

An Orchestral Concert at St. James's Palace in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing on Feb. 28 at 8.30 p.m. Princess Marie Louise is chairman of the concert.

A Ball in aid of the R.S.P.C.A. at the Angel Hotel, Brigg, Lincs, on March 2. Lord Quibell of Scunthorpe is Patron of the ball, and Lord Yarborough is President.

Première of the film "The Browning Version" at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on March 15 in aid of the National Advertising Benevolent Society.

## ENGAGEMENTS

*Dorothy Wilding.*

Miss Ruth Elizabeth Annette Bradshaw, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Roger Aked. (See opposite page.)

*Fayer.*

Miss J. D. S. Graham-Scott, daughter of Mrs. H. E. Morton, of Ewhurst, Surrey, who is to marry Mr. D. H. C. Beaman, on Feb. 17.

*Fayer.*

Miss Anna Robinson, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Philip Robinson. The marriage is to take place at the end of April.

*Harlip.*

Miss Rosalind Mary Bilney, daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Bilney, who has announced her engagement to Mr. C. J. G. Swan.

Lord Mancroft and his fiancée, Mrs. Diana Elizabeth Quarry, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Horace Lloyd, D.S.O.

Miss Frances Whiteley, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John and Lady Whiteley, who has announced her engagement to Mr. D. Carmichael.

*Pearl Freeman.*

Miss Marguerite Patricia Beatty, who has announced her engagement to Lieut.-Comdr. David Charles Currey. (See opposite page.)

Miss Monica Suenson-Taylor, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Graeme Austin Spotswood Parish. (See opposite page.)

## ENTERTAINMENT

*Houston Rogers.*

Gwen Cherrell plays the feminine lead in *Preserving Mr. Panmure* at the Aldwych Theatre. (See opposite page.)

Renée Asherson is in *Spring in Marino*, the new production at the Arts Theatre. (See opposite page.)

Michael Denison and his wife, Dulcie Gray, as they appear in the film *The Franchise Affair*, due at Warner Theatre on Feb. 15.

Cicely Courtneidge stars in *Gay's the Word*, opening at the Saville Theatre on Feb. 16. (See opposite page.)

Linda Darnell and Michael Rennie are together in *The 13th Letter*, due at the Odeon, Marble Arch, on Feb. 15. Charles Boyer also stars.

Basil Radford has a leading rôle in *A Penny for a Song*, opening at the Haymarket on March 1. (See opposite page.)

Charmian Innes, seen here with fiancé Donald McIntosh, is now appearing in the TV version of "We Beg to Differ."

*Swaebe.*

Alec Sherman and Gina Bachauer, conductor and soloist of the concert at St. James's Palace on Feb. 20. (See opposite page.)

# ATOP OF FASHION

By Elizabeth Penrose

HAIR styles will be highly important in 1951. In fact, like the old controversy concerning hens and eggs, it 's a moot point as to which was born first this year—couture design or coiffure design. In either event both are interdependent. Briefly, the fashion points are : longer, softer and more feminine styles, with a definite—and often false—line of demarcation between day and evening. For daytime the head is mostly small and neat with big, loose waves sweeping towards the nape. For evening, this back-of-the-head movement is still further accentuated by a chignon effect which may be of real hair, velvet, flowers, or even raffia.

Vasco sponsors the longer, younger look, with backward sweeping waves and upward turning curls at the nape of the neck. Ideal for evening ; also for daytime under the new "poked-forward" hats.

For brunettes, French of London puts a streak in it—a subtle underlining of the smooth wave movement which ends in ducks' tails low on the neck.

This new creation of Steiner's is called "Dual Personality." For daytime it features the short feather cut both at the back and in the side swirl, while for evening, dignity and elegance may be easily achieved by the addition of a figure-of-eight coil.

# Jacqmar

fashion fabrics by-the-yard are also used exclusively in the Jacqmar ready-to-wear coats and suits at

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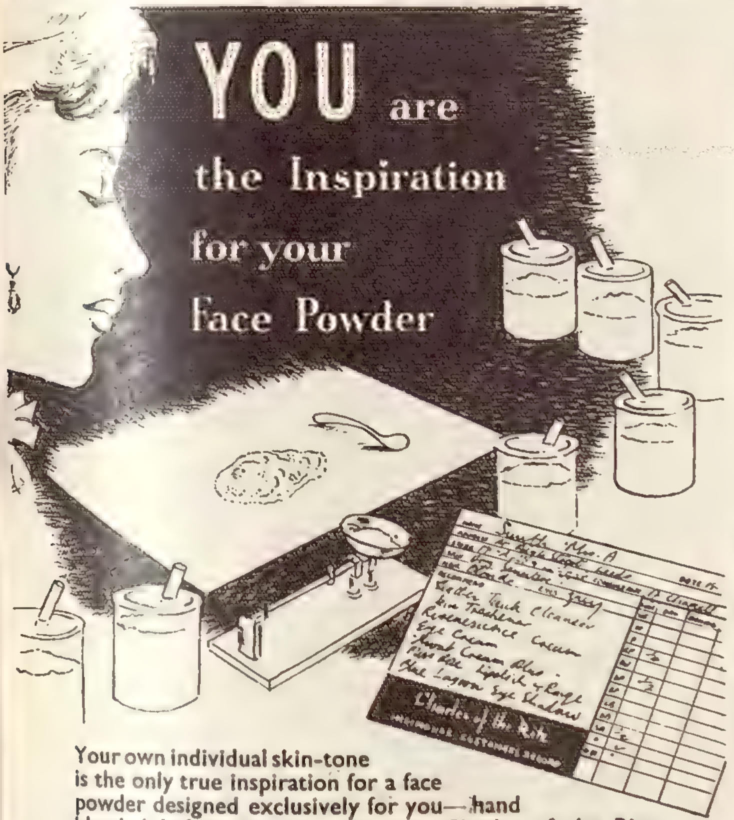


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# Berlei
REGD.

## 'Unda-lift' Brassieres

**and Foundation Garments**

# ATOP OF FASHION

By Elizabeth Penrose

(Continued from page 144)

René, a young Frenchman from Paris who next month opens a new hairdressing Salon at 55, Grosvenor Street, is a specialist in the day-into-evening technique. To his short-cut daytime coiffeurs he adds chignons of various materials, including, as in this picture, gilded raffia.

The no-parting style, as designed by Elizabeth Arden, features a 3½-in. length, a very smooth top, a suggestion of wave at the side ending in curls at the nape. Then, all that need be done for evening elegance is to gather in the curls, bind them with a switch of hair and tuck in a couple of hair ornaments.

Adaptability is the keynote of Trufitt's new and attractive Tudor style. Not only can the position of the diagonal parting be varied to suit different types of features, but back hair can be kept long and turned in to a waved page-boy bob without sacrificing any of the neat, sleek look which fashion now decrees.

Shaped by Antoine's famous method of "effleurage" by which short hair can be made to look longer, this coiffeur can be varied to suit the mood. Comb it in deep soft waves close to the head or, with an upward movement, raise it to give the effect of a halo.

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## The Odd Half-Page

# TELESCOPIC MIND PROBES BALDERDASH

## By James Dowdall

NOT having a cross-word-puzzle mind, I have always regarded with yokel amazement my wife's easy facility for picking her way through such quagmires of nonsense as "Not exactly a piano, but try again on Friday" or "Welder blocks haddock charter." One morning, however, I discovered quite accidentally that I and millions like me, during the last fifteen years or so, have been forced to acquire a similar brand of detective genius which is no less brilliant in its way.

Reading in my newspaper the caption ONE AFTER T.V., I noticed that it had taken me barely a second to deduce, correctly, that the story was about television plays going on too late to allow viewers to get to their local pub for a drink in ten o'clock closing areas. Similarly, if the "haddock" clue had appeared as a headline, it would have taken me no longer to work out that the obstructive welder could only be a councillor with a casting vote in the affairs of some trawling town.

And I don't believe that Sherlock Holmes could have done it in twice the time, for in his day these difficulties did not arise. A reporter, writing-up a garden-party, was expected to warm up with at least a paragraph describing how the Clerk of the Weather had been in his most clement mood, Jupiter Pluvius had been conspicuous by his absence, and all the rest of it. . . . And it seems that caption-writers—who, in any case, did not believe in leaning too heavily on their readers' intelligence—used simply to take a placid pull at their pipes and help themselves to as much column-space as they liked, like an old-time Burgomeister slicing into the liver-sausage.

Thus, in a 1916 newspaper, you will find that one of them thought that twenty-one words and two rules were not excessive to dig the gist out of a story which itself only ran to three inches—

DARING ESCAPE BY EIGHT GERMAN OFFICERS.

They Forced Their Way Through
Three Locked and Bolted Doors.

RECAPTURED TEN MILES FROM CHELMSFORD.

Thirty years later, one of his successors had to caption a story about the discovery of a German garrison-commander's memo complaining that his men were spending all their time having elaborate shampoos and leaving their barracks in disorder. I do not know how long it took him. But the result appeared as: HENNA'D HANS IN WEST-WALL PIG-STY.

The process of acquiring the telescopic mind needed to unravel such leads as these has taken a long time and, in my case at least, is not yet complete. For though, in one paper, I managed to interpret RING FIRST—HOME LATER and NEW 'GEORGE' JOINS DOG-FIGHTS, I had to admit myself stumped by BACK TO AN OLD LOVE—RAIN. But I hold that Holmes himself could not tell which of the following are intentionally puzzling cross-word clues, which are intendedly lucid news-heads, and which were invented by me (there are two) as parodies on both: 2.X.I. BOUGHT THE BARLEY MOW, FINGERPRINT FEAST, DATE WITH A GIRL CUTS AIR-POLICE, CHEERED AFTER A RISE, EMPTY TITLES MAKE THESE BOXERS RIDICULOUS, COUNCIL NOT SURE ABOUT PIRATES, BUMPERS KILL RABBITS. Nor, even if he were told that the last was a news-head, could he guess whether it was about motoring or cricket!

The sports pages are naturally the most confusing unless you read them regularly. ARE BATS HYPNOTISED? raised nothing in my mind but the flood-lighting of cathedral steeples. And during a spate of articles on the Third World War I thought that somebody was rather overdoing the flippancy in putting out the caption ATOMIC PERIL TO COMPLETE HAT-TRICK? until I noticed the signature, "Captain Coe."

But the telescoping technique has to its credit the heading over a story of a German motorist who, having run over a hare, was sent to gaol for not turning it in to the People's Food Pool: HARE JUGS MOTORIST. And an apprentice sub-editor, who, suddenly confronted with a story of a jealousy-maddened shipyard worker who had shot his wife, her lover, and both his in-laws, entered into the spirit of economy and sent his paper to bed under the banner head-line: BOOTLE RIVETER'S STRANGE CONDUCT.

Yet it is doing strange things to our brains; and psychiatrists report an ever-growing number of patients, from typists to novelists, who find themselves jumping syllables and whole words in their copy and sometimes, in their over-anxiety to concertina their thoughts, putting the second half of their sentence before the first.

Two days ago I myself fell victim to a horrible manifestation of telescopic-mindedness. I was buying one of those products advertised by strip-stories in which the hero, having been made manager of the firm's new branch at Hyderabad through discovering the right breakfast food, shoe polish or tooth-paste, "Thinks—'Thanks to Puffo.'"

Collecting my change, I said to the girl, "Think you very much," and then, "Sorry; what am I thanking about? I mean I was thinking 'Thinks' instead of 'Thanks' because I was thinking, 'Thinks—"Thanks to Puffo."'"

She was not a bright-looking girl and for a moment I expected her to flash a helpless S O S at the manager. Instead she looked at me with as much warmth as if we were fellow-inmates of the same asylum where it was agreed between us that she was Boadicea and I was Napoleon. "Sure," she said, "I got you right away." So obviously she spoke the language: we were weaned in the same school.

Or, as the papers would say: CUT NEWS-CAPS MAKE WHOLE WORLD KIND.

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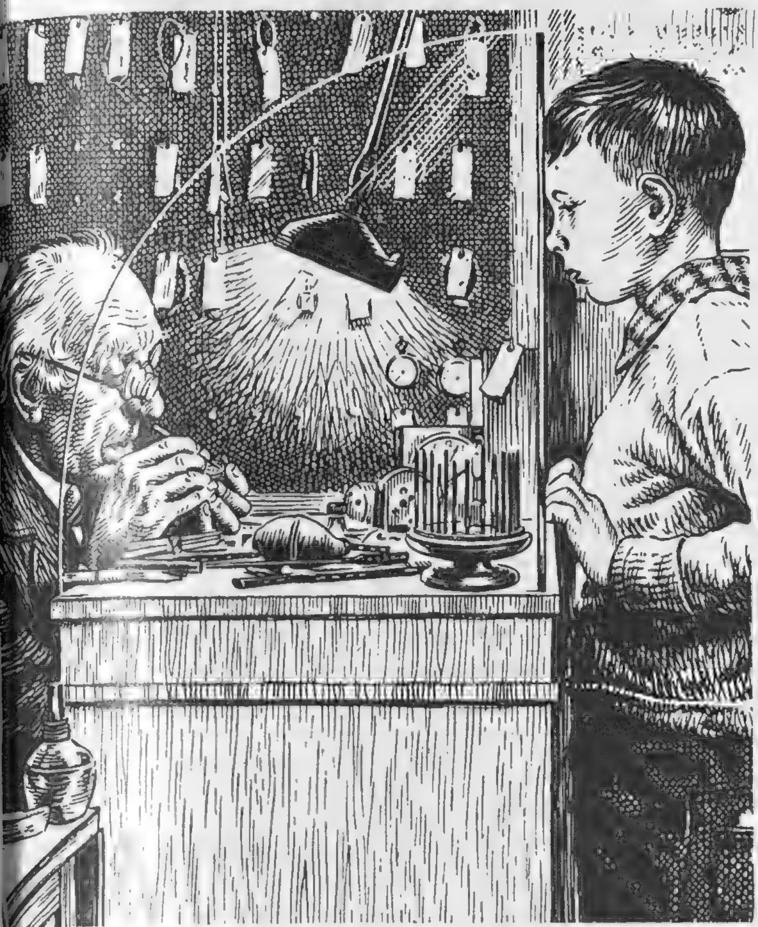

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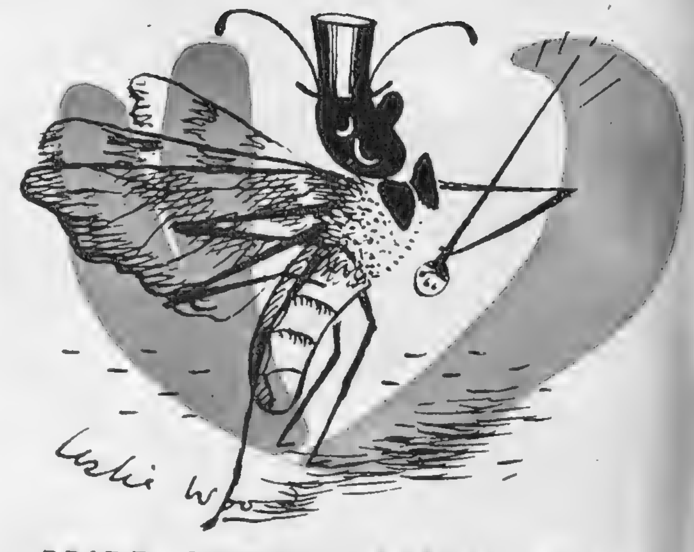

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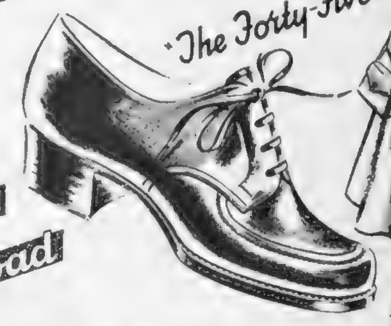

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There were also the aesthetes. The men wore velvet knickerbockers and long hair, the women liberty gowns and no corsets. They used phrases like "too previous" and "consummately utter".

The traditional drink of Englishmen, however, was in need of no new names or catchwords. Whitbread it was and Whitbread it remains.

THE HOUSE OF WHITBREAD 1742

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1951. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.
POSTAGE RATES :—INLAND 2d. CANADA 1½d. ELSEWHERE ABROAD 2½d.